

IT IS DIFFICULT to imagine anything more fascinating than our new serial story

The Joy of Living By Sidney Gowling

(Continued from page three)

"I've heard of him. They say he's rather a rip. I expect that means he's a good sort. But Diana—heaven preserve us! Well, she probably won't know me in this rig, but she'll know you're the wrong horse. And then zizz! boom!—up we all go in the air! You and Billy, and me—and Alexander!"

CHAPTER XVIII

"Cold Lambel!"

Lady Diana might have been the original of that tedious young woman who was described by the poet as "divinely tall and most divinely fair." She was without doubt strikingly beautiful, a type of the large and very pale blonde. But an atmosphere of frigidity surrounded her, which many people found repellent. "My dear aunt," she said calmly, entering the drawing room and kissing Lady Erythea, "so good of you to have me for this flying visit. Alexander, how are you?" She touched her brother's cheek with her lips. "You will have a clear field for your investigations, my dear," said Lady Erythea, "and I hope the advances you have made in psychic science will—ah—bring you to terms with the ghost. But I doubt it. By the way, your cousin Almee is here, as I told you. But she is unwell and is keeping her room. I am rather anxious about her. Incidentally, we shall have another guest; I expect Monsieur de Jussac today." Alexander left the room. "Monsieur de Jussac!" exclaimed Diana. She paused. Lady Erythea watched her somewhat keenly. "What brings him here?" said Diana. "He is very anxious," said Lady Erythea glibly, "to examine the Lambel collection of armor. We have a suit of mail which is believed to have been captured at Crecy; there is a tradition that it belonged to one of the De Jussac family." Lady Diana looked incredulous. "And I understand he is interested in psychic matters, and anxious to improve his knowledge." "That is something in his favor," said Diana with suspicion. "I expect that is his ear," said Lady Erythea.

SAFETY FIRST

"Going to drive through to California this summer?" we asked a neighbor. "Nope," he replied. "Going on the train. There's a lot of grade crossing races to be run between here and California and I want to be riding on the winner."—Kansas City Star. "Why do you insist on shaking hands with me before every drink?" asked Mr. Jagsby. "A man never knows what's going to happen to him nowadays," replied Mr. Bibbles, solemnly. "and if I drop in my tracks I want you to know that we part friends."—Birmingham Age-Herald. Ted: "There are still some things we haven't found out about home brew." Ned: "Yes, no one has yet accused the Chinese of making it thousands of years ago."—New York Sun. "Where did you get the plot for your second novel." "From the film version of my first."—Nashville Tennessean.

material appearance, he had undoubtedly the bell air. He raised Lady Erythea's skinny fingers to his lips. "Enchanted, dear lady, to pay homage to you sur vos terres. How very amiable of you to invite me!" Lady Erythea bestowed on him the smile she reserved for elder sons. "Charmed to have you. You know my niece, surely?" Bertrand's little start of surprise was admirably done. He bent low over Diana's hand, but refrained from kissing it. "But this is delightful!" exclaimed Bertrand. "You told me in town, Lady Diana, that you were interested in the ghost. Happy ghost! I, too, am developing rapidly an interest in the psychic. I hope—" "I thought it was armor that attracted you here," said Diana frigidly. "Heus, mademoiselle," said Bertrand, following his dark eyes to meet her pale blue ones. "There are weapons against which armor is of no avail." "With your bent for ancient history, Diana," interrupted her aunt, "you should know more of the Lambel armor than I do. Why not show it to Monsieur de Jussac, so that he may commence his studies. You will find most of it in the hall." "I think Monsieur de Jussac had better pursue his own investigations, for I shall be fully occupied with mine," said Diana, "and for the present I will retire to my room, if you will excuse me, Aunt." She glided majestically through the doorway. The Vicomte's eyes followed Diana's departure. "Adorable blonde!" he mused. "The invincible phlegme britannique. But it is the icy, inaccessible peak that spurs the courage of the mountaineer!" He sat down and made himself particularly pleasant to Lady Erythea. When the party of four assembled for dinner, Lady Erythea was amiable and resplendent in purple, Diana frigid and ethereal in pale yellow, while Alexander at first wore the air of the Jackdaw of Rheims mottling under the abbots' curse. But Bertrand de Jussac, looking like a revived D'Artagnan in evening dress, contrived to chase heaviness away. His merry, infectious laugh and quick sallies uplifted the spirits of the others. He made a deeper impression than ever on Diana Lambel, and with the usual perversity that seized her when in mixed company, she felt it due to herself to become the more openly hostile. "I do not understand how you can defend the spirit of the age," she said coldly, in answer to a sally that made even Alexander smile. "The days of chivalry are dead. What romance can one attach to the modern young man? But in the days of heraldry, when men were splendid in helm and gorget and camail—ah, then," she exclaimed, with a rare touch of enthusiasm, "romance flourished indeed—" "Talking of mail," said Lady Erythea blandly, "the ghost always appears in a complete suit of it, though his coming is noiseless as a breath of mist. I regret to tell you, Vicomte, that he came to a bad end through a romantic passion." "Why regret?" protested Bertrand. "I will wager 'twas worth it." "Because he was reputed—or disreputable—to be an ancestor of yours; a De Jussac taken as hostage by Sir Piers Lambel—after a most gallant resistance," said Lady Erythea smiling. "While here he engaged the affections of a daughter of the house, and being discovered, was permitted to don his armor and debate the matter with Sir Piers. His end was—tragical." "No end can be wholly tragical, if reached by the path of a great passion. To every rose its thorn. I applaud him!" Bertrand raised his glass. "To you, nameless ancestor!" He replaced the glass appreciatively, and Mr. Tarbeaux refilled it. "Touching this ancestor, Lady Diana—" But his hostess had given the signal, the ladies rose, and the two men were left alone—a custom that still lingered at Jervaux. De Jussac did not find Mr. Lambel a very exhilarating companion, but Alexander, though drinking only water, kept him at the table an unconscionable time. When eventually they reached the drawing room Alexander departed at once to his library, and Bertrand found that Diana had retired. "I must apologize for my niece, Vicomte, but she has gone to her room; to achieve the proper psychic attitude, or whatever she calls it, for her inquiries as to this absurd ghost," said Lady Erythea. "She can, of course, do nothing tonight. And as it is late, and you will not wish to sit up talking to an old woman—" "Most spirituelle of hostesses," protested the Vicomte, "I should like to sit and talk to you all night, if you will allow me—" Diana put her head inside the door. "I told you, Aunt," she said, "that my stupid maid lost herself at the terminal, and I cannot retire undisturbed. May I have yours?" "My own incumbance has been away for two days," said her aunt, "but we have a parlor maid who really attends to one's hair very soothingly; she did mine last night." Lady Erythea pressed the bell. The butler appeared. "Tarbeaux, you will tell Snooks to attend Lady Diana in her room." "Very good, m' lady." Mr. Tarbeaux found Almee on her way upstairs to bed, and gave her the order. Almee was astonished, and secretly panic-stricken. "This has absolutely finished it," she reflected. "I might as well bolt

at once." Suddenly she came to a resolution. "But—I'd better go. I shall run against her sooner or later. And anyhow she'll be alone. Di's such a fool she may not know me." Almee reached the bedchamber, where Lady Diana had just arrived. She scarcely glanced at the parlor maid, and donning a light wrap, seated herself before the mirror. "Take down my hair," she said curtly, "and if your fingers are cold, warm them first at the fire. I abhor being touched by cold fingers." Almee's fingers itched to warm themselves by a totally different method. But she held them to the fire, and then set about her task. She had hardly commenced when Diana's pale blue eyes, catching sight of her



"Whom Did They Say You Were?"

in the mirror, opened in a stare of amazement. "Whom did they say you were?" she said in a grating voice. "S-Snooks, m' lady," said Almee, dropping a curtsey. "Snooks! You are Almee Scroope! Don't deny it!" said Diana fiercely. "Don't attempt to deceive me. I should know you in a thousand. What is the meaning of this—masquerade?" Almee surrendered. "Yes, Di—it's me! For goodness' sake don't shout." For once Almee lost her head. "Aunt doesn't know I'm here, you see. Don't give me away. I'll try and explain—" "I don't want your explanation. You will explain to Aunt!" rasped Diana. "I can see by your manner there is something more in this than mere folly! I've had my suspicions, from what Aunt has said—" "Di," exclaimed Almee imploringly, "there's no use trying to hide it now—I'm in trouble—real trouble. If you give me away now you'll get me into a fearful row with Dad. You don't want to do that, do you? It—it will simply finish him!" "Very likely! It is high time he knew the truth about you. I know a little more of your character than he does, Almee. His absurd leniency to you up till now—" She moved swiftly between Almee and the door, and pressed the bell. "Let me out!" said Almee, rather white and her eyes gleaming. "Get away from that door!" She strode toward Diana. "I shall not!" There was a knock at the door. Diana opened it, and the housekeeper appeared. "Was that your ladyship's bell?" "Yes!" said Diana. "Ask Lady Erythea to come here immediately. Do you hear? Immediately!" (Continued next week)

MORGAN

R. L. Williams was hauling grain from Ione Thursday. Mrs. Ross-Perry of the Diamond T ranch, who has been visiting in Portland for some time, returned home Sunday. Alfred Medlock and R. L. Williams were transacting business in Heppner on Sunday. Ariens Osborn returned home from Heppner Sunday where he spent a few days visiting with friends. While there he consulted the doctor about his injured eye. Rev. Hazlam of Heppner held services at the Morgan Sunday school Sunday. Inice Chatham was visiting at the S. C. Runyan home of Lexington on Monday. Franklin Ely and Miss Gladys Pierrout were Heppner visitors Saturday. F. C. Maloy made a business trip to Lexington Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Snyder of Rhos siding were in town on business Friday. C. R. Gunzel, prominent banker of Ione, accompanied by Mrs. Gunzel, was in Morgan on business Friday. A program was given at the Morgan school house Monday in honor of Abraham Lincoln's birthday. Due to the cold weather a large crowd was not present, but those who were able to attend served their "good eats" at noon, for which the Morgan women are noted.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Maloy and son, Terrence, accompanied by Inice and Ralph Chatham, attended the show in Lexington Saturday. Fay Pettyjohn was transacting business in Heppner Wednesday. Mrs. J. M. Fulford left on the stage Friday morning for Heppner to spend a few days with her mother Mrs. J. Cox, who recently underwent an operation for appendicitis. R. E. Harbison, prominent warehouse man of Morgan, accompanied by Mrs. Harbison, was doing business in Ione Saturday.

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